1:Nimuendajú E-5 (1941-1942) 1952
SQ20 Tucuna SQ20

As Tessmann has already observed, there are no transaversal flutes or clarinets of the type known as *torá*. A signal horn made of a simple piece of thick bamboo with a lateral opening, closed on one side and open on the other, is invariably carried in the canoe for signaling the arrival of people and for calling them.

Panpipes commonly consist of eight tubes of bamboo (the longest being 15 cm.), joined by two pairs of rattan lashings (fig. 7, *b*). Panpipes are not played in pairs. The Tukuna name for them is čë'ku or dure'tu (Loreto). Loreto is the name of a sub-Andean department of Peru, pronounced in the Tukuna manner "dure'tu" which makes one suppose that the instrument has come from that region.

There is a kind of ocarina (pʊ̨'čane) made from the seed of the *umarí* (*Poraqueiba* sp.), and a clay whistle in the shape of a frog (vɔ:'tavë, a name which imitates the frog's croak). Tessmann erroneously calls it *tó'ke*,[6] which is actually the name of a large megaphone (tɔ'/kɨ).

The Tukuna learned from the Neobrazilians not only how to play the violin but also how to make it, and on the Rio Jacurapá there was an Indian whose violins were sought after by civilized persons—until the authorities of São Paulo de Olivença ordered his arrest for tax evasion (see p. 138). In spite of the attraction this instrument has for the Tukuna, they produce very little music from it, never playing their tribal melodies but only those which they learn from festivities of Neobrazilians in the region, who, for their part, are far from possessing the musical talent of the northeastern Brazilians.

Pottery

One finds evidence in the kitchen that the Tukuna still produce pottery. This art is principally practiced by women, but not exclusively so, for many men also perform this task to perfection, whereas many women never devote themselves to it.

In all the igarapés inhabited by the Tukúna, a plastic potters' clay of good quality is found more or less frequently; it almost always occurs in the sloughs at the foot of the high bluffs along the river. This raw material is accorded a certain respect, since its patron is an aquatic monster, dyë'vaë, which at times presents itself in the form of the western rainbow.

The clay is said to become useless if a pregnant woman touches or even approaches it: it will not bind, and the jars, on drying, will shatter into pieces. It is considered very dangerous for a woman in this condition to go to the bank to fetch clay, as illustrated by the following legend.[7]

Once, a group of women went to a bank to collect clay for pottery. A woman big with child insisted on accompanying them in spite of the others counseling her not to. The others had already dug out the clay that they needed and had piled it on the bank, where they were still standing when the pregnant woman, seeing nothing suspicious, went down to dig clay, too. She squatted down in the middle of the pit, which was half-filled with water, and took out clay with both hands. Suddenly, dyë'vaë, down at the bottom, allowed a muffled roar to be heard. The women on the bank heard it and cried out: "The owner of the clay is angry! Come up quickly!"

"What is the matter?" replied the pregnant one. "I heard nothing." And she continued to dig. She had just taken out a good quantity of clay when a muffled thunderclap was heard.

[6] Tessmann, p. 561.

[7] Cf. the legend of tau/čipë, p. 120.